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A

Selection

OF

HYMNS AND PSALMS,

CHIEFLY DESIGNED FOR

THE CHURCH

OF

HELIONS BUMPSTED,

ESSEX.

I will praise the Name of God with a Song. Psalms.

BY THE REV. HENRY ROGERS.

BOCKING:

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TO THE PEOPLE

OF

HELIONS BUMPSTED.

CHRISTIANS,

THE Saints are ſinging in Heaven: let us join them; and with raviſhed Hearts and Voices cry, *Hallelujah!* But ſome are too proud, and ſome too ignorant; ſome are aſhamed, and ſome are unable to ſing. Thus God goeth without his Praiſe, and this delightful and enjoined Part of the Chriſtian Service is undone, or done imperfectly. Yet they can ſing profane Songs in their own Houſes with Voices forward, and loud enough. They are only dumb in the Songs of Sion.

As for me, I will go on in my Way ſinging until I die:

I'll praiſe him whilſt I have my Breath,
Nor will I ceaſe, tho' laid in Death.

Be Followers of me, and pray for me. Brethren, the Grace of our Lord Jeſus Chriſt be with your Spirit. Amen.

HENRY ROGERS.

Difficult Words explained.

Jesus	signifies	Saviour.
Hallelujah	——	Praise ye the Lord.
Theme	——	Subject.
Suit	——	Request, Prayer.
Verge	——	Brink, Border.
Jordan (P. 65)	——	Death.
Hail	——	A Form of Salutation, wherein we wish *Health* to a Person.
Emmanuel	——	A Name of Christ, and signifies, *God with us.*
Jehovah	——	The proper Name of God—is the same with, *I am*—and denotes his eternal Existence.
Sympathy	——	Fellow-Feeling.
Hosanna	——	A solemn Form of Blessing or wishing one well—signifies *Save, we beseech thee.*

Thus the Multitudes cried, *Hosanna to the Son of David!—Save, we beseech thee, and prosper this Son of David, O thou that dwellest in the highest Heaven!*

A

Selection

OF

HYMNS AND PSALMS.

I. HYMN.

Singing with Grace in the Heart.

1 TEACH us, O Lord, the bleſſed Art,
To ſing melodious with the Heart,
When in thy Praiſe we join;
Our Souls with higheſt Rapture fill,
Whilſt we exert our utmoſt Skill,
To ſing of Love divine.

2 Lord, touch our Lips with holy Fire,
And ev'ry panting Breaſt inſpire,
And lift our Hearts above;
Then, like thine own angelic Band,
Adoring here on Earth we'll ſtand
And ſing the Song of Love.

3 To glorify thy holy Name,
And ſpread the Honors of the Lamb,
Let us our Voices raiſe;
Let all the Pow'rs within us bleſs
The Lord our Strength and Righteouſneſs,
And give him endleſs Praiſe.

4 While in this heav'nly Work we join,
Thy Glory be our whole Design,
Thy Glory, not our own;
Still may we keep this End in view,
And ſtill the daily Work purſue,
To pleaſe our God alone.

II. HYMN.

Praiſing the Lamb that was ſlain.—Rev. v.

1 COME let us join our cheerful Songs,
With Angels round the Throne;
Ten thouſand thouſand are their Tongues,
But all their Joys are one.

2 Worthy the Lamb that dy'd, they cry,
To be exalted thus;
Worthy the Lamb, our Hearts reply,
For he was ſlain for us.

3 Jeſus is worthy to receive
Honor and Pow'r divine;
And Bleſſings more than we can give,
Be, Lord, for ever thine.

4 The whole Creation join in one,
To bleſs the ſacred Name
Of him that ſits upon the Throne,
And to adore the Lamb.

III. HYMN.

Praiſe to the Redeemer.

1 OH, for a thouſand Tongues to ſing
The dear Redeemer's Praiſe!
To ſhout the Glories of my King,
The Triumphs of his Grace.

2 My

2 My gracious Maſter, and my God!
Aſſiſt me to proclaim,
And ſpread thro' all the Earth abroad
The Honors of thy Name.

3 Thy Mercies, and thy dying Love,
Redeem'd unhappy Men;
And rais'd the Ruins of our Race,
To Life and God again.

4 All Glory be to Jeſus giv'n,
Who bore our Sin and Shame;
Angels above proclaim thy Praiſe,
And we will do the ſame.

IV. HYMN.

The Name of Jeſus.

1 HOW ſweet the Name of Jeſus ſounds
In a Believer's Ear!
It ſooths his Sorrows, heals his Wounds,
And drives away his Fear.

2 It makes the wounded Spirit whole,
And calms the troubled Breaſt;
'Tis Manna to the hungry Soul,
And to the weary, Reſt.

3 Jeſus! my Shepherd, Saviour, Friend,
My Prophet, Prieſt, and King;
My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,
Accept the Praiſe I bring.

4 Weak is the Effort of my Heart,
And cold my warmeſt Thought;
But when I ſee thee as thou art,
I'll praiſe thee as I ought.

5 'Till then I would thy Love proclaim,
With ev'ry fleeting Breath;
And may the Virtue of thy Name
Refresh my Soul in Death.

V. HYMN.

Mercy.

1 MY Sins are many, like the Stars,
Or Sands upon the Shore;
But yet the Mercies of my God
Are infinitely more.

2 O call me not to strict Account,
How I have lived here;
For then I know right well, O Lord,
Most vile I shall appear.

3 Mercy, good Lord, is all I ask,
This is the total Sum;
For Mercy, Lord, is all my Suit,
O let thy Mercy come.

VI. HYMN.

Love Divine.

1 LOVE divine, all Love excelling,
Joy of Heav'n to Earth come down,
Fix in us thy humble Dwelling,
All thy faithful Mercies crown:
Jesus, thou art all Compassion,
Pure, unbounded Love thou art,
Visit us with thy Salvation,
Enter ev'ry trembling Heart

2 Come, Almighty, to deliver,
Let us all thy Life receive,
Dwell in ev'ry Breaſt for ever,
And no more thy Temples leave:
Thee we would be always bleſſing,
Serve thee as thine Hoſts above,
Pray, and praiſe thee without ceaſing,
Glory in thy dying Love.

3 Carry on the new Creation,
Pure and ſpotleſs may we be,
Let us ſee our whole Salvation,
Perfectly ſecur'd by thee:
Change from Glory into Glory,
'Till in Heav'n we take our Place,
'Till we caſt our Crowns before thee,
Loſt in Wonder, Love, and Praiſe.

VII. HYMN.

Chriſt's Commiſſion.—John iii. 16, 17.

1 RAISE your triumphant Songs
To an immortal Tune,
And let the Earth proclaim the Deeds
That heav'nly Grace has done.

2 Sing how the God of Love
His beſt beloved choſe,
And ſent him to redeem our Race
From loweſt Depths of Woes.

3 Jeſus, thou waſt not arm'd
With a revenging Rod,
Thou didſt not come to execute
The Vengeance of thy God;

4 But Mercy fill'd the Throne,
And Wrath ſtood ſilent by,
When Chriſt was ſent with Pardons down
To Rebels doom'd to die.

5 Now, Sinners, dry your Tears,
Let hopeleſs Sorrow ceaſe,
Bow to the Sceptre of Chriſt's Love,
And take his offer'd Grace.

6 Lord, we obey the Call,
And lay an humble Claim
To the Salvation thou haſt brought,
And love and praiſe thy Name.

VIII. HYMN.

Praiſe to the bleſſed Trinity.

1 I GIVE immortal Praiſe
To God the Father's Love,
For all my Comforts here,
And better Hopes above;
He ſent his own eternal Son
To die for Sins that Man had done.

2 To God the Son belongs
Immortal Glory too,
Who bought us with his Blood
From everlaſting Woe;
And now he lives, and now he reigns,
And ſees the Fruit of all his Pains.

3 To God the Spirit's Name
Immortal Worſhip give,
Whoſe new-creating Pow'r
Makes the dead Sinner live;
His Work completes the great Deſign,
And fills the Soul with Joy divine.

4 To our eternal God,
The Father and the Son,
And Spirit all divine,
Three Myſteries in one,
Salvation, Pow'r, and Praiſe be giv'n,
By all on Earth and all in Heav'n.

IX. PSALM.

Praiſe to the Creator.

1 BEFORE Jehovah's awful Throne,
Ye Nations bow with ſacred Joy;
Know that the Lord is God alone,
He can create, and he deſtroy.

2 His ſov'reign Pow'r, without our Aid,
Made us of Clay, and form'd us Men;
And when like wand'ring Sheep we ſtray'd,
He brought us to his Fold again.

3 We'll crowd thy Gates with thankful Songs,
High as the Heav'ns our Voices raiſe;
And Earth with her ten thouſand Tongues,
Shall fill thy Courts with ſounding Praiſe.

4 Wide as the World is thy Command,
Vaſt as Eternity thy Love;
Firm as a Rock thy Truth muſt ſtand,
When rolling Years ſhall ceaſe to move.

X. HYMN.

Chriſt the Chriſtian's All.

1 IN Chriſt my Treaſure's all contain'd;
By him my feeble Soul's ſuſtain'd;
From him I all Things do receive;
Thro' him my Soul doth daily live.

2 With

2 With Chriſt I daily love to walk;
Of him my Soul delights to talk;
On him I caſt my ev'ry Care;
Like him I ſhall one Day appear.

3 Bleſs him, my Soul, from Day to Day;
Truſt him to bring thee on thy Way;
Take him for Strength and Righteouſneſs;
Make him thy Refuge in Diſtreſs.

4 Praiſe him in cheerful, grateful Songs;
To him your higheſt Praiſe belongs;
To him who does your Heav'n prepare;
And him you'll praiſe for ever there.

XI. PSALM.

The Glory and Succeſs of the Goſpel.

1 THE Heav'ns declare thy Glory, Lord,
In ev'ry Star thy Wiſdom ſhines;
But when our Eyes behold thy Word,
We read thy Name in fairer Lines.

2 Sun, Moon, and Stars convey thy Praiſe
Round the whole Earth, and never ſtand;
So when thy Truth began it's Race,
It touch'd and glanc'd on ev'ry Land.

3 Nor ſhall thy glorious Goſpel reſt,
'Till thro' the World thy Truth has run;
'Till Chriſt has all the Nations bleſt,
That ſee the Light, or feel the Sun.

4 Great Sun of Righteouſneſs ariſe,
Bleſs the dark World with heav'nly Light;
Thy Goſpel makes the Simple wiſe,
Thy Laws are pure, thy Judgments right.

5 Thy nobleſt Wonders here we view,
In Souls renew'd and Sins forgiv'n;
Lord cleanſe my Sins, my Soul renew,
And make thy Word my Guide to Heav'n.

XII. PSALM.

The all-ſeeing God.

1 MY Thoughts, ſoon as they are my own,
Are to my God diſtinctly known;
He knows the Words I mean to ſpeak,
E're from my op'ning Lips they break.

2 Within thy View I always ſtand,
On ev'ry Side I find thy Hand;
Awake, aſleep, at Home, Abroad,
I am ſurrounded ſtill with God.

3 The Shade of Night is no Diſguiſe,
To hide me from thy piercing Eyes;
Midnight and Noon in this agree,
Great God, they're both alike to thee.

4 Oh! may theſe Thoughts poſſeſs my Breaſt,
Where'er I rove, where'er I reſt;
Oh! let me never, never dare
Conſent to Sin, for God is near.

XIII. PSALM.

Praiſing God.

1 COME, mortal Men, all join
With Heav'n, and Earth, and Seas,
And offer Notes divine
To your Creator's Praiſe;
Ye holy Throng of Angels bright,
In Worlds of Light, begin the Song.

2 Ye Kings, and Judges, fear
The Lord, the ſov'reign King,
And while you rule us here,
His heav'nly Honors ſing;
Nor let the Dream of Pow'r and State,
Make you forget his Pow'r ſupreme.

3 Virgins and Youths engage
To ſound his Praiſe divine,
While Infancy and Age
Their feeble Voices join;
Wide as he reigns, his Name be ſung
By ev'ry Tongue, in endleſs Strains.

4 Let all the Nations fear
The God that rules above,
He brings his People near,
And makes them taſte his Love;
While Earth and Sky attempt his Praiſe,
His Saints ſhall raiſe his Honors high.

XIV. HYMN.

Living to Chriſt.—2 Cor. v. 15.

1 MY Saviour, thou didſt ſhed
Thy precious Blood for me;
Oh! dwell within my worthleſs Heart,
And let me live to thee.

2 Thou calleſt me, O Lord,
To come to thee and live;
I therefore come with all my Sins,
I know thou canſt forgive.

3 My Lord and Saviour dear,
I long to ſee thy Face;
To know thee more and more by Faith,
And daily grow in Grace.

4 And

4 And when this Life is o'er,
O may I dwell with thee;
Still worſhipping the bleſſed Lamb,
Who liv'd and dy'd for me.

XV. HYMN.

To the Holy Ghoſt.

1 COME, holy Spirit, come,
Let thy bright Beams ariſe,
Diſpel the Sorrow from our Minds,
The Darkneſs from our Eyes.

2 Cheer our deſponding Hearts
With Viſitations ſweet,
Give us to lie with humble Hope,
At our Redeemer's Feet.

3 Revive our drooping Faith,
Our Doubts and Fears remove,
And kindle in our Breaſts the Flame
Of never-dying Love.

4 Convince us of our Sin,
Then lead to Jeſu's Blood,
And to our wond'ring View reveal
The ſecret Love of God.

5 Shew us the Sinner's Friend,
That rules the Courts of Bliſs,
The Lord of Hoſts, the Mighty God,
Th' eternal Prince of Peace.

6 'Tis thine to cleanſe the Heart,
T' illuminate the Soul,
To pour freſh Life on ev'ry Part,
And new create the whole.

XVI. PSALM.

Rejoicing in Hope.

1 THINK, mighty God, on feeble Man,
How few his Hours, how ſhort his Span!
Short from the Cradle to the Grave!
Who can ſecure his vital Breath,
Againſt the bold Demands of Death,
With Skill to fly, or Pow'r to ſave?

2 But thou haſt promis'd to thy Son,
And all his Seed, an heav'nly Crown;
Why ſhould our trembling Hearts deſpair?
For ever bleſſed be the Lord,
That Faith can read his holy Word,
And find a RESURRECTION there.

3 For ever bleſſed be the Lord,
Who gives his Saints a large Reward,
For all their Toil, Reproach and Pain;
Let all below, and all above,
Join to proclaim thy wond'rous Love,
And each repeat a loud AMEN.

XVII. PSALM.

God of the Gentiles,

1 LET all the Earth their Voices raiſe,
To ſing the choiceſt Pſalm of Praiſe,
To ſing and bleſs Jehovah's Name;
His Glory let the Heathens know,
His Wonders to the Nations ſhow,
And all his ſaving Works proclaim.

2 The Heathens know thy Glory, Lord;
The wond'ring Nations read thy Word;
In Britain is Jehovah known;

Our

Our Worſhip ſhall no more be paid
To Gods which mortal Hands have made;
Our Maker is our God alone.

3 O come the Day, the glorious Hour,
When the whole Earth ſhall feel his Pow'r,
And barb'rous Nations fear his Name;
Then ſhall the Race of Man confeſs
The Beauty of his Holineſs,
And in his Courts his Grace proclaim.

XVIII. PSALM.

For the Lord's-Day Morning.

1 LORD, in the Morning thou ſhalt hear
My Voice aſcending high;
To thee will I direct my Pray'r,
To thee lift up mine Eye.

2 Thou art a God before whoſe Sight
The Wicked ſhall not ſtand;
Sinners ſhall ne'er be thy Delight,
Nor dwell at thy right Hand.

3 But to thy Houſe will I reſort,
To taſte thy Mercies there;
I will frequent thy holy Court,
And worſhip in thy Fear.

4 O may thy Spirit guide my Feet
In Ways of Righteouſneſs;
Make ev'ry Path of Duty ſtraight
And plain before my Face.

XIX. HYMN.

For Conviction of Sin.

1 COME Jeſus, come victorious Lord,
Thy Pow'r to us make known;

Speak

Speak by thine own almighty Word,
And break each Heart of Stone.

2 Give us ourſelves and thee to know,
In this thy gracious Day;
Repentance unto Life beſtow,
And take our Sins away.

3 A Senſe of Guilt to them impart,
Who never felt it's Load;
The Knowledge of their Sickneſs give,
And heal them by thy Blood.

4 Look unto Chriſt ye People all,
A loſt and ruin'd Race;
Look and be ſav'd thro' Faith alone,
Be juſtified by Grace.

XX. HYMN.

Chriſt's Righteouſneſs.

1 JESUS, we lean upon thy Grace,
To bring us near to God;
Now clothe us with thy Righteouſneſs,
And cleanſe us by thy Blood.

2 'Tis by thy Death we live, O Lord,
'Tis on thy Croſs we reſt;
For ever be thy Love ador'd,
Thy Name for ever bleſt.

3 In vain we ſeek for Peace with God,
By Merits of our own;
And nothing, Jeſus, but thy Blood,
Can bring us near the Throne.

4 See, dareſt Lord, our thankful Souls
Accept thine offer'd Grace;
We bleſs the great Redeemer's Love,
And give the Father Praiſe.

XXI. HYMN.

Praiſe for Redemption.

1 LET all within me join to bleſs
My Saviour and my King;
When Jeſus bids us lift our Voice,
Who will forbear to ſing?

2 Jeſus! how precious is thy Name!
How glorious and how ſweet!
All Greatneſs and Compaſſion too,
In Jeſu's Name do meet.

3 What was there, Lord, in ſinful Man,
Which could thy Pity move,
To draw him from the Gates of Hell
By ſtrongeſt Bands of Love?

4 Divine Compaſſion touch'd thy Breaſt,
Love in thy Heart was found;
Love which could not be quench'd by Death,
And by no Floods be drown'd.

5 While we continue here below,
Thy Praiſe ſhall fill our Tongue;
And when to brighter Worlds we go,
Thy Love ſhall tune our Song.

XXII. HYMN.

A Prayer.

1 GRANT us, Lord, we pray, thy Bleſſing,
Fill our Hearts with Joy and Peace;
Let us all thy Love poſſeſſing,
Triumph in redeeming Grace;
O refreſh us! O refreſh us!
Trav'ling thro' this Wilderneſs.

2 Thanks we give, and Adoration,
For thy Gospel's joyful Sound;
May the Fruits of thy Salvation
In our Hearts and Lives abound;
May thy Presence, &c.
With us, evermore, be found.

XXIII. HYMN.

Preparing for Eternity.

1 O GOD, my inmost Soul convert,
And deeply on my thoughtless Heart
Eternal Things impress;
Give me to feel their solemn Weight,
To tremble on the Brink of Fate,
And wake to Righteousness.

2 Before me place in dread Array,
The Terrors of that awful Day,
When Christ in Clouds shall come;
Shall call the Nations to his Bar,
And make the Quick and Dead appear,
And fix their lasting Doom.

3 Be this my one great Business here,
With Diligence and godly Fear,
To make Salvation sure;
Thy holy Counsels to fulfil,
And suffer all thy righteous Will,
And to the End endure.

4 Then, dearest Lord, my Soul receive,
And waft me from this Vale to live
And reign with thee above;
Where Faith doth end in clearest Sight,
And Hope in full and sweet Delight,
And everlasting Love.

XXIV. HYMN.

Delight in Worſhip.

1 FAR from my Thoughts, vain World, be gone,
Let my religious Hours alone;
Fain would my Eyes the Saviour ſee,
I wait a Viſit, Lord, from thee.

2 O warm my Heart with holy Fire,
And kindle there a pure Deſire;
Come, my dear Jeſus, from above,
And fill my Soul with heav'nly Love.

3 Lord, how delicious is thy Fare!
How ſweet thine Entertainments are!
Never did Angels taſte above,
Redeeming Grace and dying Love.

4 O Lord, my Truſt is plac'd in thee;
My Sun, my Shield, my Portion be;
Nor Wealth I crave, nor Grandeur want,
Give me thy Love, and I'm content.

XXV. HYMN.

Invitation to Praiſe.

1 AWAKE, and ſing the Song
Of Moſes and the Lamb;
Tune ev'ry Heart, and ev'ry Tongue,
To praiſe the Saviour's Name.

2 Ye who have felt his Grace,
Will not refuſe to ſing;
But ſummon all your Pow'rs to bleſs
Your Saviour and your King.

3 Sing of his dying Love,
Sing of his riſing Pow'r;
Sing how he intercedes above,
For all whoſe Sins he bore.

4 Sing 'till we feel our Hearts
Ascending with our Tongues;
Sing 'till the Love of Sin departs,
And Grace inspires our Songs.

5 Sing on your heav'nly Way,
Ye ransom'd Sinners sing;
Sing on rejoicing ev'ry Day,
'Till all do sing in Heav'n.

XXVI. PSALM.

Trust in Christ.

1 O BLESSED Souls are they,
Whose Sins are cover'd o'er;
Divinely blest, to whom the Lord
Imputes their Guilt no more.

2 Warn me of ev'ry Sin;
Forgive my secret Faults;
And cleanse this guilty Soul of mine,
Whose Crimes exceed my Thoughts.

3 I shall behold the Face
Of my forgiving God;
And stand complete in Righteousness,
Wash'd in my Saviour's Blood.

4 Let Sinners learn to pray;
Let Saints keep near the Throne;
Our Help in Times of deep Distress,
Is found in Christ alone.

XXVII. PSALM.

Praising God for Redemption.

1 GIVE Thanks to God most high,
The universal Lord,

The

The ſov'reign King of Kings,
And be his Grace ador'd;
His Pow'r and Grace are ſtill the ſame,
And let his Name have endleſs Praiſe.

2 He ſaw the Nations lie
All periſhing in Sin,
And pity'd the ſad State
The ruin'd World was in;
Thy Mercy, Lord, ſhall ſtill endure,
And ever ſure abides thy Word.

3 He ſent his only Son
To ſave us from our Woe,
From Satan, Sin, and Death,
And ev'ry hurtful Foe;
His Pow'r and Grace are ſtill the ſame,
And let his Name have endleſs Praiſe.

4 Give Thanks aloud to God,
To God the heav'nly King,
And let the ſpacious Earth
His Works and Wonders ſing;
Thy Mercy, Lord, ſhall ſtill endure,
And ever ſure abides thy Word.

XXVIII. PSALM.

Praiſe to God for his Goodneſs.

1 HAPPY the Man whoſe Hopes rely
On Iſrael's God; he made the Sky,
And Earth, and Seas, with all their Train;
His Truth for ever ſtands ſecure,
He ſaves th' Oppreſt, he feeds the Poor;
And none ſhall find his Promiſe vain.

2 The Lord gives Eyeſight to the Blind;
The Lord ſupports the ſinking Mind;
He ſends the troubled Conſcience Peace;

He helps the Stranger in Diſtreſs,
The Widow and the Fatherleſs,
And grants the Pris'ner ſweet Releaſe.

3 He loves his Saints, he knows them well,
But turns the Wicked down to Hell;
Thy God, O Sion, ever reigns;
Let ev'ry Tongue, let ev'ry Age,
In this exalted Work engage;
Praiſe him in everlaſting Strains.

XXIX. HYMN.

The Happineſs of Saints.

1 HOW happy are the Souls above,
From Sin and Sorrow free;
With Jeſus they are now at Reſt,
And all his Glory ſee.

2 Worthy the Lamb! aloud they cry,
That brought us here to God;
In ceaſeleſs Hymns of Praiſe they ſhout
The Merits of his Blood.

3 With wond'ring Joy they recollect
Their Fears and Dangers paſt;
And bleſs the Wiſdom, Pow'r and Love,
Which brought them ſafe at laſt.

4 Lord, let the Merit of thy Death
To me be likewiſe giv'n;
And I, with them, will ſhout thy Praiſe,
Thro' all the Courts of Heav'n.

XXX. PSALM.

God alone eternal; Man frail.

1 O GOD our Help in Ages paſt,
Our Hope for Years to come;

Our

Our Shelter from the ſtormy Blaſt,
And our eternal Home.

2 Under the Shadow of thy Throne,
Thy Saints have dwelt ſecure;
Sufficient is thine Arm alone,
And our Defence is ſure.

3 Before the Hills in Order ſtood,
Or Earth receiv'd her Frame,
From everlaſting thou art God,
To endleſs Years the ſame.

4 Thy Word commands our Fleſh to Duſt,
"Return, ye Sons of Men,"
All Nations roſe from Earth at firſt,
And turn to Earth again.

5 O God, our Help in Ages paſt,
Our Hope for Years to come;
Be thou our Guard while Troubles laſt,
And our eternal Home.

XXXI. HYMN.

Looking to the Deliverer.

1 GOD of Mercy and Compaſſion,
Look with Pity on my Pain;
Hear a mournful broken Spirit,
Proſtrate at thy Feet complain;
Many are my Foes and mighty,
Strength to conquer I have none;
Nothing can uphold my Goings,
But thy bleſſed Self alone.

2 Saviour, look on thy beloved,
Triumph over all my Foes;
Turn to heav'nly Joy my Mourning,
Turn to Gladneſs all my Woes;

Live, or die, or work, or ſuffer,
Let my weary Soul abide
In all Changes whatſoever,
Sure and ſtedfaſt by thy Side.

3 When Temptations fierce aſſault me,
When my Enemies I find,
Sin, and Guilt, and Death, and Satan,
All againſt my Soul combin'd;
Hold me up in mighty Waters,
Keep my Eyes on Things above,
Righteouſneſs, divine Atonement,
Peace, and everlaſting Love.

XXXII. PSALM.

For Pardon and Direction.

1 I LIFT my Soul to God,
My Truſt is in his Name;
Let not my Foes that ſeek my Blood,
E'er triumph in my Shame.

2 Remember all thy Grace,
And lead me in thy Truth;
Forgive the Sins of riper Days,
And Follies of my Youth.

3 The Lord is juſt and kind,
The Meek ſhall learn his Ways;
And ev'ry humble Sinner find
The Methods of his Grace.

4 For his own Goodneſs Sake,
He ſaves my Soul from Shame;
He Pardons, tho' my Guilt be great,
Thro' my Redeemer's Name.

XXXIII. HYMN.

Invitation.

1 SINNERS, attend, attend, I pray,
And hear the Gospel Word;
Regard your Visitation Day,
And entertain your Lord.

2 He calls unto the Sons of Man;
His offer'd Grace to prove;
That they in seeking may attain
Repentance, Faith, and Love.

3 His Arms are open to receive
Whoever to him flies;
Pardon and sweetest Peace to give,
And Love that never dies.

4 Jesus, our Prophet, Priest, and King,
Thou Friend of Sinners, come;
Descend, kind Comforter, and bring
The great Salvation down.

XXXIV. HYMN.

Christ alone.

1 IN thee, O Christ, is all my Hope,
My Comfort all in thee;
Whilst here I feel thy Mercy nigh,
I know thou guardest me.

2 Me, nor the Saints of Earth can save,
Nor Angels near thy Throne;
To thee I run, thy Help to find,
And trust in thee alone.

3 I feel the Load of Guilt so vast,
It sinks me to the Grave;
But let thy Blood wash out my Sins,
Mine whom thou cam'st to save.

4 Salvation in thy Name is found,
A Balm for Grief and Care;
A Med'cine for my ev'ry Wound;
The All I want is there.

XXXV. HYMN.

Safety in Christ.

1 LIGHT of the World, thy Beams I bless;
On thee, bright Sun of Righteousness
My Faith hath fix'd it's Eye;
Guided by thee, thro' all I go,
Nor fear the Ruin here below,
For thou art always nigh.

2 Ten thousand Snares my Path beset,
Yet shall I, Lord, the Work complete,
Which thou to me hast giv'n;
Superior to the Pains I feel,
Close by the Gates of Death and Hell,
I urge my Way to Heav'n.

3 O that I might at once go up!
Nor more on this Side Jordan stop,
But Canaan now possess;
This Moment bid adieu to fear
To Sorrow, Sin, and Grief, and Care,
And leave the Wilderness.

4 Still may I on the World look down,
And neither heed it's Smile or Frown,
But all it's Art defy:
Undaunted ev'ry Danger meet,
Still Satan bruise beneath my Feet,
And in Christ live and die,

XXXVI. HYMN.

Thanksgiving.

1 YE Servants of God,
Your Master proclaim;
And publish abroad
His wonderful Name;
The Name all victorious
Of Jesus extol;
His Kingdom is glorious,
And rules over all.

2 God ruleth on high,
Almighty to save,
And still he is nigh,
His Presence we have;
The great Congregation
His Triumph shall sing,
Ascribing Salvation
To Jesus our King.

3 Salvation to God
Who sits on the Throne,
Let all cry aloud,
And honor the Son;
Our dear Jesu's Praises
The Angels proclaim,
Fall down on their Faces,
And worship the Lamb.

4 Then let us adore
And give him his Right,
All Glory and Pow'r,
And Wisdom and Might;
All Honor and Blessing,
With Angels above,
And Thanks never ceasing,
And infinite Love.

XXXVII. PSALM.

Pleading with God under Desertion.

1 HOW long, O Lord, shall I complain,
Like one that seeks his God in vain?
Canst thou thy Face for ever hide?
And I still pray, and be deny'd?

2 Hear, Lord, and grant me quick Relief,
Before my Death concludes my Grief;
If thou withold'st thy heav'nly Light,
I sleep in everlasting Night.

3 How will the Pow'rs of Darkness boast,
If but one praying Soul be lost!
But I have trusted in thy Grace,
And shall again behold thy Face.

4 Whate'er my Fears or Foes suggest,
Thou art my Joy, my Hope, my rest;
My Heart shall feel thy Love, and raise
My cheerful Voice to Songs of Praise.

XXXVIII. PSALM.

The Necessity of Religion.

1 WHO shall ascend thy heavenly Place,
Great God, and dwell before thy Face?
The Man that minds Religion now,
And humbly walks with God below.

2 Whose Hands are pure, whose Heart is clean
Whose Lips still speak the Thing they mean;
No Slanders dwell upon his Tongue;
He hates to do his Neighbour wrong.

3 He loves his Enemies, and prays
For them that curse him to the Face;
And doth to all Men still the same
That he wou'd hope or wish from them.

4 Yet when his holieſt Works are done,
His Soul depends on Grace alone;
This is the Man thy Face ſhall ſee,
And dwell for ever, Lord, with thee.

XXXIX. HYMN.

Walk worthy of your Calling.

1 AND are we Sons and Heirs of God?
O are we bought with Jeſu's Blood?
And do we ſeek for heav'nly Joys?
Then look no more to trifling Toys.

2 Can Laughter feed a ſerious Mind?
Was it for heav'n-born Souls deſign'd?
We are not made for Sport and Play,
To jeſt with Time, and waſte the Day.

3 No vain Diſcourſe, or empty Mirth,
Can ſuit the Honors of our Birth;
And we ſhould ſlight the gay Attire,
Which Children love, and Fools admire.

4 Lord, warm our Hearts with holy Fires,
And reſcue them from low Deſires;
Then we ſhall ſoar to Things on high,
And paſs theſe glitt'ring Trifles by.

5 We'll look on all the Joys below,
With ſuch Diſdain as Angels do;
And wait the Call that bids us riſe
To our Abode above the Skies.

XL. PSALM.

Longing for the Houſe of God.

1 LORD of the Worlds above,
How pleaſant and how fair,

The

The Dwellings of thy Love,
Thine earthly Temples are!
To thine Abode my Heart aſpires
With warm Deſires to ſee my God.

2 O happy Souls that pray,
Where God appoints to hear!
O happy Men that pay
Their conſtant Service there!
They praiſe thee ſtill, and happy they
That love the Way to Zion's Hill.

3 They go from Strength to Strength
Thro' this dark Vale of Tears,
'Till each arrives at length,
'Till each in Heav'n appears:
O glorious Seat, when God our King,
Shall thither bring our willing Feet.

XLI. PSALM.

The ſame.

1 TO paſs one ſacred Day,
Where God and Saints abide,
Affords diviner Joy
Than thouſand Days beſide:
Where God reſorts, I love it more
To keep the Door, than ſhine in Courts.

2 God is our Sun and Shield,
Our Light and ſure Defence;
With Gifts his Hands are fill'd,
We draw our Bleſſings thence.
On all beſtow the human Race,
Thy ſaving Grace, and Glory too.

4 The Lord his People loves,
His Hand no Good witholds.

From

From those his Heart approves,
From pure and pious Souls:
Thrice happy he, O God of Hosts,
Whose Spirit trusts alone in thee.

XLII. HYMN.

Delighting in Jesus.

1 JESUS, the Saviour of my Soul,
Be thou my Heart's Delight;
Ever to me the same remain,
My Joy by Day and Night.

2 Hungry and thirsty after thee
May I be found each Hour;
Humble in Heart, and holy kept
By thine almighty Pow'r.

3 Oh! may I never once forget
What a poor Wretch I am;
From Death and Hell redeem'd by Blood,
The Blood of the dear Lamb.

4 Author and Guardian of my Life,
Sweet Source of Light divine;
And all harmonious Names in one,
My Saviour, thou art mine.

XLIII. HYMN.

Grace.

1 AMAZING Grace! how sweet the Sound!
That lov'd a Wretch like me!
I once was lost, but now am found;
Was blind, but now I see.

2 'Twas Grace that taught my Heart to fear,
And Grace my Fears reliev'd;
How precious did that Grace appear,
The Hour I first believ'd.

3 Thro' many Dangers, Toils and Snares,
I have already come;
'Tis Grace that brought me ſafe thus far,
And Grace will bring me Home.

4 Yea, when this Fleſh and Heart ſhall fail,
And mortal Life ſhall ceaſe,
I ſhall poſſeſs within the Vail,
A Life of Joy and Peace.

XLIV. PSALM.

For the Spread of the Goſpel.

1 JESUS, Lord of Might and Glory,
Thine the ranſom'd Nations are;
Let the Heathen fall before thee,
Let the Iſles thy Name declare;
May thy Sceptre, &c.
Sway the enlighten'd World around.

2 Let the Indian, let the Negro,
Let the rude Barbarian ſee,
That divine and glorious Conqueſt,
Once obtain'd on Calvary;
Let the Goſpel, &c.
Far reſound, from Pole to Pole.

3 Kingdoms wide that ſit in Darkneſs,
May they ſee the glorious Light,
And from eaſtern Coaſt to weſtern,
May the Morning chace the Night;
And Redemption, &c.
Freely purchas'd, win the Day.

4 Honor, Glory, and Salvation,
To the Lord our God we give;
Endleſs Praiſe and Adoration,
Thou art worthy to receive;
Reign triumphant, &c.
King of Kings, for ever reign.

XLV. PSALM.

Worſhipping, and reſting on God.

1 LET Sinners take their Courſe,
And chooſe the Road to Death;
But in the Worſhip of my God,
I'll ſpend my daily Breath.

2 My Thoughts addreſs his Throne,
When Morning brings the Light;
I ſeek his Bleſſings ev'ry Morn,
And pay my Vows at Night.

3 Thou wilt regard my Cries,
O my eternal God!
While Sinners periſh fearfully,
Beneath thine angry Rod.

4 But I with all my Cares,
Will lean upon the Lord,
I'll caſt my Burden on his Arm,
And reſt upon his Word.

5 His Arm ſhall well ſuſtain
The Children of his Love;
The Ground on which their Safety ſtands,
No earthly Pow'r can move.

XLVI. PSALM.

Public Worſhip.

1 COME ſound his Praiſe abroad,
And Hymns of Glory ſing;
Jehovah is the ſov'reign God,
The univerſal King.

2 Come, worſhip at his Throne,
Come, bow before the Lord;
We are his Works, and not our own,
He form'd us by his Word.

3 To-day attend his Voice,
Nor dare provoke his Rod;
Come, like the People of his Choice,
And own your gracious God.

4 The God Jehovah reigns,
Let all the Nations fear;
Let Sinners tremble at his Throne,
And Saints be humble there.

XLVII. HYMN.

The Sovereignty of Christ.

1 JESUS, whose almighty Sceptre
Rules Creation all around;
In whose Nature, Love, and Mercy,
Grace and Pity full are found;
In my Spirit rule and conquer,
There set up thy endless Throne,
Win my Heart from ev'ry Creature,
Thee to love, and thee alone.

2 In thy Strength I'd only conquer,
In thy Righteousness confide,
Wise and simple in thy Wisdom,
Strong and dauntless by thy Side;
In thy bleeding Wounds most happy,
Nought will do for wretched me,
But a Saviour full of Mercy,
Dying, innocent, and free.

3 Rise, my Soul, unto the Mountain,
Ever blessed Calvary,
See the wounded Victim bleeding,
Nail'd to the accursed Tree;
Love to miserable Sinners,
Love unfathom'd, Love to Death,
Was the only End, and Motive,
To resign his gracious Breath.

XLVIII. HYMN.

The Blessedness of Gospel Times.

1 HOW beauteous are their Feet,
Who stand on Zion's Hill!
Who bring Salvation on their Tongues,
And Words of Peace reveal.

2 How happy are our Ears,
That hear the Gospel Sound!
Which Kings and Prophets waited for,
And sought, but never found.

3 How blessed are our Eyes,
That see this heav'nly Light!
Which Kings and Prophets long'd to see,
But dy'd without the Sight.

4 The Watchmen lift their Voice,
They trumpet Jesu's Praise;
Oh! may our Hearts bless and rejoice,
To hear of Jesu's Grace.

5 O Lord, make bare thine Arm,
And send thy Truth abroad,
Let all the People now behold
Their Saviour and their God.

XLIX. PSALM.

Praise to God.

1 LOUD Hallelujahs to the Lord,
From distant Worlds where Creatures dwell,
Let Heav'n begin the solemn Word,
And sound it dreadful down to Hell.

2 Wide as his vast Dominion lies,
Make the Creator's Name be known;
Loud as his Thunder shout his Praise,
And sound it lofty as his Throne,

3 Jehovah ! 'tis a glorious Word !
Oh ! may it dwell upon my Tongue ;
But Saints, who best have known the Lord,
Are bound to raise the noblest Song.

4 Speak of the Wonders of that Love,
Which Gabriel plays on ev'ry Chord ;
From all below, and all above,
Loud Hallelujahs to the Lord.

L. HYMN.

Goodness of God.

1 FATHER of All, whose pow'rful Voice
Rear'd up all Nature's wond'rous Frame,
Whose Mercies over all rejoice,
Thro' endless Ages still the same.

2 Thou, by thy Word upholdest all,
Thy bounteous Love to all is shew'd ;
Thou hearest ev'ry Creature's Call,
And fillest ev'ry Soul with Good.

3 Let all who owe to God their Birth,
In Praise their thankful Hours employ ;
The Lord does reign, be glad, O Earth,
And shout ye Sons of God for Joy.

4 Inflame our Hearts with perfect Love,
In us the Work of Faith fulfil ;
And make us like thine Angels move,
To execute thy holy Will.

5 Supplies of Grace and Truth impart,
For we are thine, bought with Christ's Blood ;
Renew, enlarge and fill our Heart
With Peace, and Joy, and Heav'n, and God.

LI. HYMN.

Thankfulneſs for redeeming Love.

1 DISCIPLES of Chriſt,
Who love the Lord's Name
Attend and aſſiſt
In ſinging his Fame;
Eternal Thankſgiving
The Faithful ſhould pay,
The Living, the Living,
As we do this Day.

2 Our Shepherd is Chriſt,
And him will we bleſs,
He reigns on his Throne
The Prince of our Peace;
Who evermore ſaves us
By ſhedding his Blood,
All hail, holy Jeſus!
Our Lord and our God.

3 We daily will ſing
Thy Glory and Praiſe,
Thou merciful Spring
Of Pity and Grace;
Thy Kindneſs for ever
To Men will we tell,
And ſay, our dear Saviour
Redeems us from Hell.

4 We glorify him
Who ſits on his Throne;
We bow to his Name,
And honor the Son;
He merits our Bleſſing,
This Bleſſing we give;
And bleſs without ceaſing,
So long as we live.

LII. HYMN.

Season of Grace.

1 SINNERS, behold the Lamb of God!
Behold him whilst you may;
Look unto him, who shed his Blood
To take your Sins away.

2 Awake from guilty Nature's Sleep,
And Christ will give you Light,
Will cast your Sins into the Deep,
And wash you pure and white.

3 To the blest Fountain of thy Blood
With eager Haste I fly;
O Jesus wash my spotted Soul,
From Crimes of deepest Dye.

4 Break thou the Pow'r of all my Sin,
And set the Captive free;
Thy Blood can make the foulest clean,
It can avail for me.

LIII. PSALM.

God's Help.

1 THY Mercies fill the Earth, O Lord,
How good thy Works appear!
Open mine Eyes to read thy Word,
And see thy Wonders there.

2 My Heart was fashion'd by thy Hand,
My Service is thy Due;
Oh! make me love and understand
Thy Precepts just and true.

3 Since I'm a Stranger here below,
Let not thy Path be hid;
But mark the Road my Feet should go,
And be my constant Guide.

4 When I confeſs'd my wand'ring Ways,
Thou heard'ſt my Soul complain;
Grant me the Teachings of thy Grace,
Or I ſhall ſtray again.

5 Order my Footſteps in thy Word,
And make my Heart ſincere;
Let Sin have no Dominion, Lord,
And keep my Conſcience clear.

LIV. HYMN.

Praiſing God for his Providence.

1 FATHER of Mercies, God of Love,
To thee our Hearts we raiſe;
Thy bounteous Hand we daily prove,
And daily ſing thy Praiſe.

2 Thou, Lord, preſerveſt Man and Beaſt,
How excellent thy Name!
And whilſt beneath thy Wings we reſt,
Thy Goodneſs we'll proclaim.

3 Thine, wholly thine, we long to be,
And to thy Glory live;
Made, and preſerv'd, and ſav'd by thee,
To thee ourſelves we give.

4 Come, Holy Ghoſt, the Saviour's Love
Shed in our Hearts abroad;
And let us ever live and move,
And dwell with Chriſt in God.

LV. HYMN.

The Deliverer.

1 HARK! the Voice of my Beloved,
Lo, he comes in greateſt Need,

Leaping

Leaping over lofty Mountains,
Skipping over Hills with Speed,
To deliver, to deliver
Me unworthy from all Woe.

2 In a Prison deep, he found me,
Without Water, without Light,
Bound in Chains of horrid Darkness,
Gloomy, thick, Ægyptian Night;
He redeemed, &c.
Thence my Soul with Price immense.

3 O for this let Men and Angels,
All the heav'nly Hosts above,
Choirs of Seraphims elected,
With their golden Harps of Love,
Praise and worship, &c.
My Redeemer without end.

4 Shout for Joy, ye Sons of Sion,
Gather round your Saviour's Throne,
Join your Songs, and sing for ever
Glory be to God alone;
Hallelujah! &c.
For Redemption's Work is done.

LVI. HYMN.

Preserving Grace.

1 TO God the only wise,
Our Saviour and our King,
Let all the Saints below the Skies
Their humble Praises bring.

2 'Tis his almighty Love,
His Counsel and his Care,
Preserves us safe from Sin and Death,
And ev'ry hurtful Snare.

3 He will preſent our Souls
Unblemiſh'd and complete,
Before the Glory of his Face,
With Joys divinely great.

4 Then all the choſen Seed
Shall meet around the Throne,
And bleſs the Conduct of his Grace,
And make his Wonders known.

5 To our Redeemer God,
Wiſdom and Pow'r belongs,
Immortal Crowns of Majeſty,
And everlaſting Songs.

LVII. HYMN.

Praiſing Jeſus Chriſt.

1 HAIL! thou once deſpiſed Jeſus!
Hail, thou Galilean King!
Who didſt ſuffer to releaſe us,
Who didſt free Salvation bring;
Hail, thou gracious, precious Saviour!
Who haſt borne our Sin and Shame;
By whoſe Merit we find Favor,
Life is given thro' thy Name.

2 Paſchal Lamb! by God appointed,
All our Sins were on thee laid;
By almighty Love anointed,
Thou haſt full Atonement made;
Ev'ry Sin may be forgiv'n,
Thro' the Virtue of thy Blood;
Open'd is the Gate to Heav'n,
Peace is made 'twixt Man and God.

3 Worſhip, Honor, Pow'r and Bleſſing,
Chriſt is worthy to receive;

Loudeſt

Loudeſt Praiſes without ceaſing,
Meet it is for us to give;
Help, ye bright angelic Spirits,
Raiſe your ſweeteſt, nobleſt Songs,
Help to ſing our Jeſu's Merits,
Help to chaunt Immanuel's Praiſe.

LVIII. HYMN.

Under Temptation.

1 JESUS, Lover of my Soul,
Let me to thy Boſom fly,
While the Waves of Trouble roll,
While the Tempeſt ſtill is high;
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
'Till the Storm of Life is paſt;
Safe into the Haven guide,
Oh! receive my Soul at laſt.

2 Other Refuge have I none,
Helpleſs but for Help in thee;
Leave, oh! leave me not alone,
But ſupport and comfort me;
All my Truſt on thee is ſtay'd,
All mine Help from thee I bring;
Cover my defenceleſs Head
With the Shadow of thy Wing.

3 Thou, O Chriſt, art all I want,
Boundleſs Love in thee I find;
Raiſe the Fallen, cheer the Faint,
Heal the Sick, and lead the Blind.
Juſt and holy is thy Name,
I am all Unrighteouſneſs;
Vile and full of Sin I am,
Thou art full of Truth and Grace.

4 Plenteous Grace with thee is found,
Grace to pardon all my Sin;

Let

Let the healing Streams abound,
Make, and keep me pure within;
Thou of Life the Fountain art,
Freely let me drink of thee,
Spring thou up within my Heart,
Rise to all Eternity.

LIX. PSALM.

Praise.

1 FROM all that dwell below the Skies,
Let the Creator's Praise arise;
Let the Redeemer's Name be sung,
Thro' ev'ry Land, by ev'ry Tongue.

2 Eternal are thy Mercies, Lord;
Eternal Truth attends thy Word;
Thy Praise shall sound from Shore to Shore,
'Till Suns shall rise and set no more.

3 Direct us in thy holy Ways,
And teach our Hearts to sound thy Praise;
Our Faith encrease, our Love inflame,
Help us to glorify thy Name.

4 To God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit, three in one,
Be Honor, Praise, and Glory giv'n,
By all on Earth, and all in Heav'n.

LX. HYMN.

Blessed are the Dead that die in the Lord.

1 WHO die in Jesus they are blest,
How sweet their Slumbers are;
From Suff'ring and from Sin releas'd,
And freed from ev'ry Snare.

2 Far from this World of Toil and Strife,
They're present with the Lord!
The Labors of their mortal Life,
End in a large Reward.

3 O the Delights, the heav'nly Joys!
The Glories of the Place,
Where Jesus sheds the brightest Beams
Of his o'erflowing Grace.

4 Haste, my beloved, fetch my Soul
Up to thy blest Abode;
Haste, for my Spirit longs to see
My Saviour and my God.

5 Thy dear and ever-honor'd Name,
Shall dwell upon my Tongue;
Thy Mercies and Salvation be
The Close of ev'ry Song.

LXI. HYMN.

Strong in the Lord.

1 MY dear almighty Lord,
My Conq'ror and my King,
Thy matchless Pow'r and Love,
Thy saving Grace I sing:
Thine is the Pow'r, O make me fit
In willing Bonds beneath thy Feet.

2 Now let my Soul arise,
And tread the Tempter down;
My Captain leads me forth
To Conquest and a Crown;
A feeble Saint shall win the Day,
Tho' Death and Hell oppose his Way.

3 Should all the Hosts of Death,
And Pow'rs of Hell unknown,

Put

Put their most dreadful Forms
Of Rage and Mischief on,
I shall be safe, for Christ displays
Superior Pow'r, and guardian Grace.

LXII. HYMN.

A Sinner pleading with God.

1 BEHOLD me here before thy Throne,
I call, I knock, I sigh and groan;
With mournful Heart and Shame confess
The Sins that Tongue can ne'er express.

2 I plead the Merits of Christ's Blood,
I plead thy Promises, my God;
Compassion on a Sinner take,
And save me for thy Mercy's Sake.

LXIII. PSALM.

Christ's Government.

1 OH! for a Shout of sacred Joy,
To God the sov'reign King;
Let ev'ry Land their Tongues employ,
And Hymns of Triumph sing.

2 While Angels shout and praise their King,
Let Mortals learn their Strains;
Let all the Earth his Honor sing;
O'er all the Earth he reigns.

3 Rehearse his Praise with Awe profound,
Let Knowledge lead the Song:
Nor mock him with a solemn Sound,
Upon a thoughtless Tongue.

4 In Israel stood his ancient Throne;
He lov'd that chosen Race;
And now he calls the World his own,
And Heathens taste his Grace.

LXIV. PSALM.

For the Lord's Day.

1 I HASTE, my God, without Delay,
I haste to seek thy Face;
My thirsty Spirit faints away,
Without thy cheering Grace.

2 I've seen thy Glory, and thy Pow'r,
Thro' all thy Temple shine;
Oh! now repeat that heav'nly Hour,
That Vision so divine.

3 Not all the Blessings of a Feast,
Can please my Soul so well,
As when thy sweeter Grace I taste,
And in thy Presence dwell.

4 Not Life itself, with all her Joys,
Can my Affections move,
Or raise so high my cheerful Voice,
As thy forgiving Love.

5 Thus 'till my last expiring Day,
I'll bless my God and King;
Thus will I lift my Hands to pray,
And tune my Lips to sing.

LXV. PSALM.

Thanksgiving.

1 I LOVE the Lord, he heard my Cries,
And pity'd ev'ry Groan;
Long as I live, when Troubles rise,
I'll hasten to his Throne.

2 I love the Lord, he bow'd his Ear,
And chas'd my Grief away;
O let my Heart no more despair,
While I have Breath to pray.

3 The Lord beheld me fore distrest,
He bid my Pains remove;
Return, my Soul, to God, thy Rest,
For thou hast known his Love.

4 My God has sav'd my Soul from Death,
And dry'd my falling Tears;
Now to his Praise I'll give my Breath,
And my remaining Years.

LXVI. HYMN.

For Christ's Guidance.

1 JESUS, lead me by thy Pow'r
Safe into the promis'd Rest;
Hide my Soul within thy Bosom,
Let me lean upon thy Breast:
Feed me with thy heav'nly Manna,
Bread that Angels eat above;
Let me drink from thee, the Fountain,
Draughts of everlasting Love.

2 Thro' this desert Land conduct me,
With a glorious Pillar bright;
In the Day a cooling Comfort,
And a cheering Fire by Night:
Be my Guide in ev'ry Peril,
Watch me hourly Night and Day,
Else my foolish Heart will wander
From thy Spirit far away.

3 In thy Presence I am happy,
In thy Presence I'm secure;
In thy Presence all Afflictions
I can easily endure;
In thy Presence I can conquer,
I can suffer, I can die;
Far from thee, I faint and languish,
O my Saviour, keep me nigh.

LXVII. HYMN.

Prayer.

1 JESUS, the Prince of Peace,
Thy wond'rous Love we bless;
And daily sing, and daily boast
Of Christ our Righteousness.

2 Put forth thine Arm, O Lord,
Thy Love to us impart,
Thine Image to our Souls restore,
And 'grave it on our Heart.

3 The Guilt of Sin destroy,
Nor let the Pow'r remain,
Turn all our Sorrows into Joy,
And wash out ev'ry Stain.

4 On thee, O Lord, we lean,
On thee our Souls we cast,
Now let us feel thy Love within,
And all thy Goodness taste.

5 Be with us whilst we live,
Be with us when we die,
Thy Presence ever let us have,
And all our Wants supply.

LXVIII. HYMN.

Christ the only Sacrifice.

1 HAIL, Jesus, hail, thou great High Priest,
Enter'd into thy glorious Rest,
The holy, happy Place above;
Thou hast the Conquest more than gain'd,
And everlasting Bliss obtain'd,
For all who trust thy dying Love.

2 The Blood of Goats and Heifers ſlain,
Could never purge our guilty Stain,
Could never for our Sins atone;
But thou thine own moſt precious Blood
Haſt ſhed, to quench the Wrath of God,
Haſt ſav'd us by thy Blood alone.

3 Shed on the Altar of the Croſs,
Thy Blood to God preſented was,
Thro' the eternal Spirit's Pow'r;
Thou didſt a ſpotleſs Victim bleed,
That we from Sin and Suff'ring freed,
Might live to God, and ſin no more.

4 O praiſe him whilſt he gives us Breath,
And when our Voice is loſt in Death,
Praiſe ſhall employ our nobler Pow'rs;
My Days of Praiſe ſhall ne'er be paſt,
While Life, and Thought, and Being laſt,
Or Immortality endures.

LXIX. HYMN.

Loveſt thou me?

1 'TIS a Point I long to know,
Oft it cauſes anxious Thought,
Do I love the Lord, or no?
Am I his, or am I not?
Could my Heart ſo hard remain,
Pray'r a Taſk and Burden prove;
Ev'ry Trifle give me Pain,
If I knew a Saviour's Love?

2 When I turn my Eyes within,
All is dark, and vain, and wild;
Fill'd with Unbelief and Sin,
Can I deem myſelf a Child?
If I pray, or hear, or read,
Sin is mixt with all I do;

You that love the Lord indeed,
Tell me, Is it thus with you ?

3 Yet I mourn my ſtubborn Will,
Find my Sin and Grief a Thrall ;
Should I grieve for what I feel,
If I did not love at all ?
Could I joy his Saints to meet,
Chooſe the Ways I once abhorr'd,
Find, at Times, the Promiſe ſweet,
If I did not love the Lord ?

4 Lord, decide the doubtful Caſe ;
Thou who art thy People's Sun ;
Shine upon thy Work of Grace,
If it be indeed begun.
Let me love thee more and more,
If I love at all, I pray ;
If I have not lov'd before,
Help me to begin To-day.

LXX. HYMN.

To Jeſus.

1 JESUS, I love thy charming Name ;
'Tis Muſic in mine Ear ;
Fain would I ſound it out ſo loud,
That Earth and Heav'n ſhould hear.

2 All that my utmoſt Pow'rs can wiſh,
In thee moſt fully meet ;
Nor to my Eyes is Light ſo dear,
Nor Friendſhip half ſo ſweet.

3 Jeſus, thy Name diſpels our Fears,
And bids our Sorrows ceaſe ;
'Tis pleaſant in the Sinner's Ears,
'Tis Life, and Health, and Peace.

4 Thy Blood an open Fountain is,
Where all may freely go;
And drink the Streams of heav'nly Bliſs,
And waſh as white as Snow.

LXXI. HYMN.

Chriſt's Coming.

1 LO! he comes with Clouds deſcending,
Once for favor'd Sinners ſlain;
Thouſand thouſand Saints attending,
Swell the Triumphs of his Train;
Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
Hallelujah! Amen,

2 Yes, Amen, let all adore thee,
High on thine eternal Throne;
Jeſus take the Pow'r and Glory,
Claim the Kingdom for thine own;
Thou art worthy, &c.
Worthy thou to wear the Crown.

3 Now Redemption, long expected,
See in mighty Pow'r appear;
All his Saints, by Man rejected,
Now ſhall meet him in the Air;
Hallelujah! &c.
Hallelujah! Amen.

4 Anſwer thine own Bride and Spirit,
Haſten, Lord, the gen'ral Doom;
The new Heav'ns and Earth t' inherit,
Call thy mournful Children Home;
All Creation, &c.
Groans aloud, and bids thee come.

LXXII. HYMN.

Day of Judgement.

1 DAY of Judgement! Day of Wonders!
Hark, the Trumpet's awful Sound;
Louder than a thousand Thunders,
Shakes the vast Creation round;
Lord prepare us, &c.
Make us meet to see thy Face.

2 See the righteous Judge eternal,
Seated on his great white Throne;
'Midst ten thousand Saints and Angels,
Now he comes to take his Home;
Lord delay not, &c.
Quickly let thy Kingdom come.

3 Now behold the Wicked tremble,
Fear and quake thro' sad Dismay;
To the Rocks and Mountains calling,
"Hide us from the Judgement Day;
Hide us, hide us, &c.
O ye Mountains, from his Eye."

4 But to those that have confessed,
Lov'd and serv'd the Lord below,
He will say, "Come near, ye Blessed!
Take the Kingdom I bestow;
You for ever, &c.
Shall my Love and Glory know."

LXXIII. HYMN.

Public Worship.

1 LORD, we come before thee now,
At thy Feet we humbly bow;
Oh! do not our Suit disdain;
Shall we seek thee, Lord, in vain?

Lord,

Lord, on thee our Souls depend,
In Compaſſion now deſcend;
Fill our Hearts with thy rich Grace,
Tune our Lips to ſing thy Praiſe.

2 In thine own appointed Way,
Now we ſeek thee, here we ſtay;
Lord, from hence we would not go,
'Till a Bleſſing thou beſtow;
Send ſome Meſſage from thy Word
That may Joy and Peace afford;
Let the Spirit now impart
Full Salvation to each Heart.

3 Comfort thoſe that weep and monrn,
Let the Time of Joy return;
Thoſe who are caſt down, lift up,
Make them ſtrong in Faith and Hope;
Grant that thoſe who ſeek, may find
Thee a God divinely kind;
Heal the Sick, the Captive free,
Let us all rejoice in thee.

LXXIV. PSALM.

Repentance.

1 O THOU that hear'ſt when Sinners cry!
Caſt on my Soul a pitying Eye;
Behold me not with angry Look,
But blot my Sins out of thy Book.

2 Tho' I have griev'd thy Spirit, Lord,
His Help and Comfort ſtill afford;
And let a Wretch come near thy Throne,
To plead the Merits of thy Son.

3 I cannot live without thy Light,
Caſt out and baniſh'd from thy Sight:
Thy ſaving Health, O Lord, reſtore,
And guard me, that I fall no more.

4 Create my Nature pure within
And make my Soul averſe to Sin;
Let thy good Spirit ne'er depart,
Nor hide thy Preſence from my Heart.

5 O may thy Love inſpire my Tongue,
Salvation ſhall be all my Song;
And all my Pow'rs ſhall join to bleſs
The Lord, my Strength and Righteouſneſs.

LXXV. HYMN.

To the Holy Ghoſt.

1 ETERNAL Spirit, thee we bleſs,
And ſing the Wonders of thy Grace;
Thy Pow'r conveys our Mercies down
From God the Father and the Son.

2 Enlighten'd by thine heav'nly Ray,
Our Night of Darkneſs turns to Day;
Thine inward Teachings make us know,
Our Danger and our Refuge too.

3 Thy Pow'r effectual works within,
And breaks the Chains of reigning Sin;
Imperious Luſts it can ſubdue,
And form the Sinner's Heart anew.

4 Come then, divine and peaceful Gueſt,
Fix thine Abode within our Breaſt;
Light, Life, and Peace to us impart,
Come, fill with Faith and Love each Heart.

LXXVI. HYMN.

Fellowſhip with Chriſt.

1 JESUS, my God, thou only art
The Life, the Truth, the Way;
Quicken my Soul, inſtruct my Heart,
Nor let my Footſteps ſtray.

2 Of all thou haſt to give below,
Or give in Heav'n above;
Give me thine only Self to know;
Give me thy precious Love.

3 Bid my Affections no more rove,
Preſerve me wholly thine;
And let me daily taſte and prove
Sweet Fellowſhip divine.

4 The holy Intercourſe begun
Between my Soul and thee;
Enlarge, O Lord, and carry on,
Thro' all Eternity.

LXXVII. HYMN.

Salvation.

1 SALVATION! O the joyful Sound!
'Tis Pleaſure to our Ears;
A ſov'reign Balm for ev'ry Wound,
A Cordial for our Fears.

2 Bury'd in Sorrow and in Sin,
At Hell's dark Door we lay;
But we ariſe by Grace divine,
To ſee a heav'nly Day.

3 Salvation! let the Echo fly
The ſpacious Earth around,
While all the Armies of the Sky
Conſpire to raiſe the Sound.

4 Salvation! O thou dying Lamb,
To thee the Praiſe belongs;
Salvation ſhall inſpire our Hearts,
And dwell upon our Tongues.

LXXVIII. PSALM.

The Greatness of God.

1 LONG as I live I'll bless thy Name,
My King, my God of Love;
My Work and Joy shall be the same,
In the bright World above.

2 Great is the Lord, his Pow'r unknown,
And let his Praise be great;
I'll sing the Honors of thy Throne,
Thy Works of Grace repeat.

3 Thy Grace shall dwell upon my Tongue,
And while my Lips rejoice,
The Men that hear my sacred Song,
Shall join their cheerful Voice.

4 Fathers to Sons shall teach thy Name,
And Children learn thy Ways;
Ages to come thy Truth proclaim,
And Nations sound thy Praise.

5 The World is manag'd by thy Hands,
Thy Saints are rul'd by Love;
And thine eternal Kingdom stands,
Tho' Rocks and Hills remove.

LXXIX. HYMN.

Praising the Saviour.

1 LET Earth and Heav'n agree,
Angels and Men be join'd,
To praise along with me,
The Saviour of Mankind;
To sing the all-atoning Lamb,
And bless the Sound of Jesu's Name.

2 Jesus!

2 Jesus! transporting Sound!
The Joy of Earth and Heav'n,
No other Help is found,
But what in thee is giv'n;
No other Name but thine can save,
Thro' Jesus we Redemption have.

3 Thy sweet harmonious Name
Does charm the Hosts above,
They evermore proclaim
The Wonders of thy Love;
On thee with endless Rapture gaze,
And see their Heav'n in Jesu's Face.

4 Thy Love none can express,
Thy Mercy ne'er decays;
What can we, Lord, do less
Than love thee all our Days;
I'll bless thy Name e'en unto Death,
And sound thy Praise with my last Breath.

LXXX. HYMN.

To Christ.

1 JOIN all the glorious Names
Of Wisdom, Love and Pow'r,
That ever Mortals knew,
That Angels ever bore;
All are too mean to speak his Worth,
Too mean to set my Saviour forth.

2 Jesus, my great High Priest,
Offer'd his Blood, and dy'd;
My guilty Conscience seeks
No Sacrifice beside;
His pow'rful Blood did once atone,
And now it pleads before the Throne.

3 Great Prophet of my God,
My Tongue would bless thy Name;
By thee the joyful News
Of our Salvation came;
The joyful News of Sins forgiv'n,
Of Hell subdu'd, and Peace with Heav'n.

4 Be thou my Counsellor,
My Pattern and my Guide;
And thro' this desert Land,
Still keep me near thy Side;
O let my Feet ne'er run astray,
Nor rove, nor seek the crooked Way.

LXXXI. PSALM.

Prayer for Pardon.

1 THOU art, my God, my only Hope;
My God will hear my Cry,
My God will bear my Spirit up,
When Satan bids me die.

2 My Sins a heavy Load appear,
And o'er my Head are gone;
Too heavy they for me to bear,
Too hard for me t' atone.

3 But I'll confess my Guilt to thee,
And grieve for all my Sin;
I'll mourn how weak my Graces be,
And beg Support divine.

4 My God, forgive my Follies past,
And be for ever nigh;
O Lord of my Salvation, haste,
Before thy Servant die.

LXXXII. PSALM.

Praiſe for Pardon.

1 I'LL bleſs the Lord from Day to Day,
How good are all his Ways!
Ye humble Souls that uſe to pray,
Come, help my Lips to praiſe.

2 Sing, to the Honor of his Name,
How a poor Sinner cry'd;
Nor was his Hope expos'd to Shame,
Nor was his Pray'r deny'd.

3 When I confeſs'd my troubled Thoughts,
My ſecret Sins reveal'd,
His pard'ning Grace forgave my Faults,
His Grace my Pardon ſeal'd.

4 O Sinners come and taſte his Love,
Come, learn his pleaſant Ways;
And let your own Experience prove
The Sweetneſs of his Grace.

LXXXIII. PSALM.

Repentance and Faith in the Blood of Chriſt.

1 O GOD of Mercy, hear my Call,
My Load of Guilt remove;
Break down this ſeparating Wall,
That bars me from thy Love.

2 Give me the Preſence of thy Grace,
Then my rejoicing Tongue
Shall ſpeak aloud thy Righteouſneſs,
And make thy Praiſe my Song.

3 No Blood of Goats or Heifers ſlain,
For Sin could e'er atone;
The Death of Chriſt ſhall ſtill remain
Sufficient and alone.

4 A Soul oppreſs'd with Sin's Deſert,
My God will ne'er deſpiſe;
An humble Groan, a broken Heart,
Is our beſt Sacrifice.

LXXXIV. PSALM.

God our Defence from Sin and Satan.

1 MY Truſt is in my heav'nly Friend,
My Hope in thee, my God;
Riſe, and my helpleſs Soul defend
From them that ſeek my Blood.

2 The Men that love and fear thy Name,
Shall ſee their Hopes fulfill'd;
The mighty God will compaſs them
With Favor as a Shield.

3 What tho' the Hoſts of Death and Hell,
All arm'd againſt me ſtood,
Terrors no more ſhall ſhake my Soul,
My Refuge is my God.

4 Salvation to the Lord belongs,
His Arm alone can ſave;
Bleſſings attend thy People here,
And reach beyond the Grave.

LXXXV. HYMN.

Chriſt's Compaſſion.

1 WITH Joy we meditate the Grace
Of our High Prieſt above;
His Heart is full of Tenderneſs,
His Nature all is Love.

2 Touch'd with a Sympathy within,
He knows our feeble Frame;

He

He knows what ſore Temptations mean,
For he has felt the ſame.

3 Our Jeſus while he dwelt in Fleſh,
Pour'd out his Cries and Tears;
And now in Heav'n he feels afreſh
What ev'ry Member bears.

4 He will not quench the ſmoaking Flax,
But raiſe it to a Flame;
The bruiſed Reed he will not break,
Nor ſcorn the meaneſt Name.

5 Then let our humble Faith addreſs
His Mercy and his Pow'r;
We ſhall obtain ſufficient Grace
In each diſtreſſing Hour.

LXXXVI. HYMN.

Divine Love.

1 O LOVE divine, how ſweet thou art!
When ſhall I find my longing Heart
All taken up with thee?
Dear Lord, I faint and thirſt to prove
The Greatneſs of redeeming Love,
The Love of Chriſt to me.

2 Stronger Chriſt's Love than Death or Hell!
It's Riches are unſearchable!
Too deep for mortal Sight;
And Angels, tho' they long to pry,
Can never reach the Myſtery,
It's Length, and Breadth, and Height!

3 God only knows the Love of God;
And God alone can ſhed abroad
His Love in my cold Heart;

Come

Come then, dear Lord, for Love I pine,
Oh! let this Portion now be mine,
Be mine this better Part.

4 Thy Love alone do I require,
Nothing on Earth besides desire,
Nor yet in Heav'n above;
Let Earth with all its Glories go,
Give me thy Love alone to know,
Give me thy precious Love.

LXXXVII. HYMN.

Heavenly Joy on Earth.

1 COME all that love the Lord,
And let your Joys be known;
Join in a Song with sweet Accord,
Whilst ye surround the Throne.

2 All Sorrow of the Mind
Be banish'd from this Place;
Religion never was design'd
To make our Pleasures less.

3 Let those refuse to sing
That never knew our God;
But Children of the heav'nly King,
Should speak their Joys abroad.

4 Believing Souls do find
Glory begun below;
And precious Fruits of ev'ry Kind,
From Faith and Love do grow.

5 Then let our Songs abound,
And ev'ry Tear be dry;
We're marching thro' Immanuel's Land
To fairer Worlds on high.

LXXXVIII. HYMN.

Praiſe to the Redeemer.

1 PLUNG'D in a Gulph of dark Deſpair,
We wretched Sinners lay,
Without one cheerful Beam of Hope,
Or Spark of glimm'ring Day.

2 With pitying Eyes the Prince of Grace
Beheld our helpleſs Grief;
He ſaw, and (oh, amazing Love!)
He ran to our Relief.

3 Down from his glorious Throne above,
With joyful Haſte he fled;
Enter'd the Grave in mortal Fleſh,
And dwelt among the Dead.

4 He ſpoil'd the Pow'rs of Darkneſs thus,
And brake our Iron Chains;
Jeſus has freed our captive Souls
From everlaſting Pains.

5 O for this Love, let Rocks and Hills
Their laſting Silence break;
And all harmonious human Tongues
The Saviour's Praiſes ſpeak.

6 Yes, we will praiſe thee, deareſt Lord,
Our Souls are all on Flame;
Hoſanna round the ſpacious Earth
To thine adored Name.

7 Angels! aſſiſt our mighty Joys,
Strike all your Harps of Gold;
But when you raiſe your higheſt Notes,
His Love can ne'er be told.

LXXXIX. PSALM.

Public Worship.

1 SING to the Lord Jehovah's Name,
And in his Strength rejoice;
When his Salvation is our Theme,
Exalted be our Voice.

2 With Thanks approach his awful Sight,
And Psalms of Honor sing;
The Lord's a God of boundless Might,
The whole Creation's King.

3 Earth with it's Caverns dark and deep,
Lies in his spacious Hand;
He fix'd the Seas what Bounds to keep,
And where the Hills should stand.

4 Come, and with humble Souls adore;
Come, kneel before his Face;
O may the Creatures of his Pow'r
Be Children of his Grace.

XC. PSALM.

Prayer of the Afflicted.

1 HEAR me, O God, nor hide thy Face,
But answer, lest I die;
Hast thou not built a Throne of Grace,
To hear when Sinners cry?

2 All my Desire to thee is known,
Thine Eye counts ev'ry Tear;
And ev'ry Sigh, and ev'ry Groan
Is notic'd by thine Ear.

3 Thou wilt arise and shew thy Face,
Nor will my Lord delay
Beyond th' appointed Hour of Grace,
That long expected Day.

4 He hears his Saints, he knows their Cry,
And by myſterious Ways
Redeems the Pris'ners doom'd to die,
And fills their Tongues with Praiſe.

XCI. HYMN.

Praiſing God.

1 TO God moſt high, in Songs of Praiſe,
Let all the Earth their Voices raiſe;
With Joy approach the heav'nly King,
And in his holy Preſence ſing.

2 Thy Love, O God, we will proclaim;
Our Souls ſhall bleſs thy holy Name;
Thy Goodneſs crowns our peaceful Days;
Thy Mercy calls for Songs of Praiſe.

3 The Lord is faithful to his Word,
His Promiſe ſtands for ever good;
And all who truly ſeek, ſhall find
The Lord is pitiful and kind.

4 May thy pure Love poſſeſs my Breaſt,
Where'er I rove, where'er I reſt;
Watch o'er my Heart with jealous Care,
And reign without a Rival there.

5 So ſhall thy Goodneſs be my Song,
And cheer my Heart, and cheer my Tongue;
I'll ſing while Life and Breath remains,
And die to ſing in nobler Strains.

XCII. HYMN.

Sure Truſt in God.

1 I'M not aſham'd to own my Lord,
Or to defend his Cauſe;

Maintain

Maintain the Honor of his Word,
The Glory of his Croſs.

2 Jeſus, my God, I know his Name,
His Name is all my Truſt;
Nor will he put my Soul to Shame,
Nor let my Hope be loſt.

3 Firm as his Throne his Promiſe ſtands,
And he can well ſecure,
What I've committed to his Hands,
'Till the deciſive Hour.

4 Then will he own my worthleſs Name
Before his Father's Face;
And in the new Jeruſalem
Appoint my Soul a Place.

XCIII. PSALM.

Aſſiſtance and Victory in the ſpiritual Warfare.

1 FOR ever bleſſed be the Lord,
My Saviour and my Shield;
He ſends his Spirit with his Word,
To arm me for the Field.

2 When Sin and Hell their Force unite,
He makes my Soul his Care,
Inſtructs me to the heav'nly Fight,
And guards me thro' the War.

3 A Friend and Helper ſo divine,
Does my weak Courage raiſe;
He makes the glorious Conqueſt mine,
And his ſhall be the Praiſe.

XCIV. HYMN.

Sincerity in Worſhip.

1 GOD is a Spirit juſt and wiſe,
He ſees our inmoſt Mind;

In vain to Heav'n we raiſe our Cries,
And leave our Souls behind.

2 Nothing but Truth before his Throne
With Honor can appear;
The painted Hypocrites are known
Thro' the Diſguiſe they wear.

3 Their lifted Eyes ſalute the Skies,
Their bending Knees the Ground;
But God abhors the Sacrifice
Where not the Heart is found.

4 Lord, ſearch my Thoughts, and try my Ways,
And make my Soul ſincere;
Then ſhall I ſtand before thy Face,
And find Acceptance there.

XCV. HYMN.

For Chriſt's Guidance.

1 GUIDE me, O thou great Jehovah,
Pilgrim thro' this barren Land;
I am weak, but thou art mighty,
Hold me with thy pow'rful Hand;
Bread of Heav'n, Bread of Heav'n,
Feed me now and evermore.

2 Open now the chryſtal Fountain,
Whence the healing Streams do flow;
Let the fiery cloudy Pillar
Lead me all my Journey thro';
Strong Deliv'rer, &c.
Be thou ſtill my Strength and Shield.

3 When I tread the Verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious Fears ſubſide;
Death of Deaths, and Hell's Deſtruction,
Land me ſafe on Canaan's Side;
Songs of Praiſes, &c.
I will ever give to thee.

4 Musing on my Habitation,
Musing on my heav'nly Home,
Fills my Soul with holy Longing,
Come, my Jesus, quickly come:
Come, Lord Jesus, &c.
Lord, I long to be with thee.

XCVI. PSALM.

Restoring and preserving Grace.

1 WITH all my Pow'rs of Heart and Tongue,
I'll praise my Maker in my Song;
Angels shall hear the Notes I raise,
Approve the Song, and join the Praise.

2 To God I cry'd, when Troubles rose;
He heard me, and subdu'd my Foes;
My rising Fears he did controul,
And Strength diffus'd thro' all my Soul.

3 Amidst a thousand Snares I stand,
Upheld and guarded by his Hand;
His Words my fainting Soul revive,
And keep my dying Soul alive.

4 Grace will complete what Grace begins,
To save from Sorrows and from Sins;
The Work that Wisdom undertakes,
Eternal Mercy ne'er forsakes.

XCVII. HYMN.

Christ All in All.

1 GENTLE Jesus, lovely Lamb,
Thine, and only thine I am;
Take my Body, Spirit, Soul,
Only thou possess the whole;

Thou

Thou my one Thing needful be,
Let me ever cleave to thee;
Let me choose the better Part,
Let me give thee all my Heart.

2 Fairer than the Sons of Men,
Do not let me turn again,
Turn to Creature Happiness,
Leave the Fountain Head of Bliss;
Whom have I on Earth below?
Only thee I wish to know;
Whom have I in Heav'n but thee?
All in All thou art to me.

3 All my Treasure is above,
All my Riches is thy Love;
Nothing else do I require,
Love fills up my whole Desire;
Other Comforts I despise,
Love be all my Paradise;
Thou, O Lord, my Portion art,
Dwell for ever in my Heart.

XCVIII. PSALM.

Under Desertion.

1 HOW long wilt thou conceal thy Face;
My God, how long delay!
When shall I feel those heav'nly Rays
That chace my Fears away?

2 How long shall my poor lab'ring Soul
Wrestle and toil in vain?
Thy Word can all my Grief dispel,
And ease my inward Pain.

3 O make thy reconciled Face
Upon thy Servant shine;
And save me, for thy Mercy's Sake,
For I'm entirely thine.

4 O that the joyful Day was come
To finish all Distress!
When God shall bring his Children Home,
Our Joy shall never cease.

XCIX. HYMN.

God my only Happiness.

1 MY God, my Portion, and my Love,
On thee I trust and call;
I cannot live if thou remove,
For thou art All in All.

2 To thee we owe our Wealth and Friends,
And Health, and safe Abode;
Thanks to thy Name for all these Things,
But they are not my God.

3 How vain a Joy is glitt'ring Wealth,
If once compar'd to thee?
Or what's my Safety, or my Health,
Or all my Friends to me?

4 Were I Possessor of the Earth,
And call'd the World my own;
Without thy Graces, and thyself,
I were a Wretch undone,

5 Let others stretch their Arms abroad,
To grasp in this World's Store;
Grant me the Presence of thy Grace,
And I desire no more.

C. HYMN.

Redeeming Love.

1 NOW begin the heav'nly Theme,
Sing aloud in Jesu's Name;

Ye

Ye who Jesu's Kindness prove,
Triumph in redeeming Love!
Mourning Souls, dry up your Tears,
Banish all your guilty Fears;
See your Guilt and Curse remove,
Triumph in redeeming Love.

2 Welcome all by Sin oppreſt,
Welcome to your Saviour's Breaſt,
Nothing brought him from above,
Nothing but redeeming Love!
He ſubdu'd th' infernal Pow'rs,
His tremendous Foes, and *ours*,
From their curſed Empire drove,
Mighty in redeeming Love.

3 Jeſus we are bound to bleſs,
Prince of Life, and Prince of Peace;
Far from Grief and Care remove,
Whilſt we ſing redeeming Love!
Hither, then, your Praiſes bring,
Cry aloud, rejoice and ſing;
Mortals join the Hoſts above,
Join to bleſs redeeming Love!

CI. HYMN.

Breathing after the Holy Spirit.

1 COME, Holy Spirit, Heav'nly Dove,
With all thy quick'ning Pow'rs;
Kindle a Flame of ſacred Love
In theſe cold Hearts of ours.

2 In vain we tune our formal Songs,
In vain we ſtrive to riſe;
Hoſannas languiſh on our Tongues,
And our Devotion dies.

3 Dear Lord ! and ſhall we ever live
At this poor dying Rate,
Our Love ſo faint, ſo cold to thee,
And thine to us ſo great ?

4 Come, Holy Spirit, Heav'nly Dove,
With all thy quick'ning Pow'rs,
Come, ſhed abroad a Saviour's Love,
And that ſhall kindle ours.

CII. HYMN.

Death dreadful to the Wicked.

1 DEATH is a melancholy Day
To thoſe that have no God ;
When the poor Soul is forc'd away
To ſeek her laſt Abode.

2 Awake, and mourn, ye Sons of Hell,
Ye ſtubborn Sinners fear ;
In hotteſt Flames how can ye dwell,
How dwell for ever there !

3 Infinite Joy, or endleſs Woe,
Attends on ev'ry Breath ;
And yet how unconcern'd we go
Upon the Brink of Death !

4 Waken, O Lord, our drowſy Senſe,
To walk th' eternal Road ;
And when our Souls are called hence,
May they be found with God.

CIII. HYMN.

Funeral.

1 BELIEVER, beloved, Adieu !
Thy Warfare is happily o'er ;

Thy

Thy Spirit hath fought it's Way thro',
And reached the heav'nly Shore;
Thy Course upon Earth is all run,
The Days of thy Mourning are past;
The Joys which above thou hast won,
For ever and ever shall last.

2 O blessed Estate of the Dead!
The Dead, who have dy'd in the Lord!
From Trouble and Misery freed,
And sure of their endless Reward;
By Sorrow no longer oppreſt,
When join'd to the Spirits above,
With Jesus in Glory they rest,
They rest in the Arms of his Love!

3 O when will my Jesus extend
The Arms of his Mercy to me!
The Days of my Pilgrimage end,
My Soul from it's Prison set free!
Oh! grant me to bow my faint Head,
My sorrowful Soul to resign;
From Pain everlastingly freed,
To rest in thy Bosom divine.

CIV. HYMN.

Affliction.

1 ENCOMPASS'D with Clouds of Distress,
Just ready all Hope to resign,
I pant for the Light of thy Face,
And fear it will never be mine:
Dishearten'd with waiting so long,
I sink at thy Feet with my Load;
All plaintive I pour out my Song,
And stretch forth my Hands to my God.

2 Shine, Lord, and my Terror shall cease,
The Blood of Atonement apply;

And

And lead me to Jesus for Peace,
The Rock that is higher than I :
Speak, Saviour, for sweet is thy Voice,
Thy Presence is fair to behold ;
I thirst for thy Spirit with Cries,
And Groanings that cannot be told.

3 To whom should I flee for Relief ?
To him that hath lov'd me so well ;
And who, when I sink into Grief,
Doth all my Infirmities feel :
O Lover of Sinners, on thee
My Burden of Trouble I cast,
Whose Care and Compassion for me,
For ever and ever shall last.

GLORY, Honor, Praise and Pow'r
Be unto the Lamb for ever,
Jesus Christ is our Redeemer,
Hallelujah ! Hallelujah ! Hallelujah !
Praise ye the Lord.

PRAISE God from whom all Blessings flow,
Praise him all Creatures here below ;
Praise him above, ye heav'nly Host,
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

FINIS.

On Memory

"What an unknown & unspeakable happiness would it be to a man of judgment, and who is engaged in the pursuit of knowledge, if he had but a power of stamping all his own best sentiments upon his memory in same indelible characters; and if he could but imprint every valuable paragraph and sentiment of the most excellent authors he has read upon his mind, with the same speed and facility with which he read them."

Dr Watts
Nov. 13 1829.